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Hic patet ingeniis campus: certusque merenti,
Stat favor: ornatum propriis industria donis. CLAUDIAN.

To express simple ideas in intelligible language, is the privilege of all who have the gift of perception; and the capability of labor. Words, considered merely as the medium of communication between man and man, require neither skill in selection, nor ingenuity in arrange-

ment, for the common purposes of social life: and education and study are alike lost upon him, whose intellectual ambition extends no farther, than to reject the honor of being admired, provided he can attain the faculty of being understood.

It is a happy circumstance that all do not thus float on the surface of mental acquirement, and confine their aims and wishes within these sordid and narrow bounds. To all that pleases and enlivens in the intellectual world, we are indebted to those who have endeavored to add richness to language, value to learning, and dignity to science. The thirsty tradesmen, from whom the main invectives against the necessity of scholastic attainment generally proceed, are of all others least guilty of improving the condition of man, either in his moral or intellectual capacity; and to them we owe not even a stone in the fabric of social strength, much

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lefs any of those stupendous exertions, by which the regions of mind have been stored with every charm to soothe the eye, refine the heart, and gratify the taste.

If it is allowed that there is any value in that faculty by which the writer may gain finish to his style, roundnefs to his periods, and elegance to his diction; the man of bufinefs, fluency of remark, and elevation of sentiment, when the toils of labor have ceased to engage the attention, and enchain the soul; it is certainly worthy of inquiry from what sources we are to draw these streams of perpetual delight. The case must of course especially apply to those, who make the cultivation and improvement of the mental powers the object and the bufinefs of life: but it might perhaps abate the insolence of wealth itself, to examine whether the means of

intellectual gratification have been most plentifully supplied, by the stock-jobbers that regulate the prices of the market, or the brokers that watch the fluctuations of the funds, a the masters of reason that have rescued from the desolations of time the crumbling monuments of former mind, carried the eye of meditation to the days that are gone, and made antiquity to live her age of intellect again.

In rejecting the idea that any utility is attached to an acquaintance with classical literature, one of two follies must inevitably be acknowledged: either that the authors who presided over the Kingdom of mind in the days of Roman and Grecian magnificence, are not worthy the labor of study for the men of modern times, or that the doubtful medium of translations from the original tongues, is as accurate a testimony of the genius of

the writers, as the works which were the immediate offspring of their own mighty understandings. The first of these propositions surely should not admit even of an appearance of dispute in the age in which we live; and as to the second, it will be time enough to assert its truth, when it is confessed, that a French is an English Milton, an Italian Johnson the giant himself, or a Spanish Shakespeare the land of swans.

All that can ever be done in the most perfect translation from a foreign author, is to give one idiom as the counterpart of another. In very few cases both exactly correspond: in general there is not the most distant resemblance between the original & the copy. In this case, we are presented, it is true, with an intellectual feast, but it is not the same.

quet in its ~~original~~ actual splendor. We trace the impress not of ancient, but of modern talent: and instead of following the march of the Latin poet, & the Athenian philosopher as they first won their verdant laurels of reward, we can only sigh in the vain attempt to catch the inspiration which enkindled them to glory. After all that labor can effect, and ingenuity devise, to present the image of greatness perfect to our vision, it is but a likeness, & it wants vitality at last to stamp the impress of truth upon the whole.

If example has any weight in decision, certainly those bold declaimers against the necessity of learning, must resort to some other mode of conviction than the reality of fact. It would be pretty more than difficult to discover, amid the volumes that store the world of intellect, any gleams of elo-

quence, and chastenefs of expreffion, that might be traced to any other origin than the study of those minds that have been recovered from the ruin of ages, and presented in their original lustre. The greatest masters of literature in those countries which have had existed long enough to afford a competent trial, have been wise on the strong foundation of antiquity, and built their loftiest researches on the inventions of former days. To descend from great things to small, the few straggling attempts that have been made in our own land towards establishing a literary character, have been, if crowned with success, founded upon some acquaintance, however slight, with the languages of Greece and Rome. And those trifling dabblers in belles-lettres and criti-

cism, who are presenting us with incessant abortions of wit, and mockeries of writing, owe their failure entirely to their ~~ignorance~~ absence of that knowledge, which alone can furnish images to the poet point to the satirist, and depth to the philosopher; without which talent must expire, ~~and~~ in its infancy, imagination evaporate into empty air, and genius fail in her first efforts to expand.

If we should attempt to define the nature and extent of that charm which classical learning throws over writing, we should not be able to proceed in the analysis with any certainty of success. There is an indescribable elegance with which the scholar dresses the productions of his mind, which is equally remote from the stiffness of ped-

antry, and the vulgarity of ignorance; which adds a radiance of light to naked truth, and casts a halo of magic effulgence round every object which it touches. Where description fails, feeling can assume its place: and our own perceptions will readily trace the essential shades of distinction, between the student who has carried his researches into the dominions of ancient learning, and the trifler who has played around the surface of Knowledge, limited his inquiries to the transitory objects of the present, and left the past a blank in his page of investigation.

The tenderest of parental feeling has suggested an idle plea for escaping the necessary discipline of classical scholastic instruction. Florio assured us the other evening, that no

murder was more criminal, than the slow and lingering agony to which the student is subjected, in the bodily frame, and the intellectual faculties, in the refined and subtle labors of closet meditation.

How happens it that our our country affords the ~~largest~~ most extensive number of those, who raise their voice of accusation against this necessary qualification of an author, and splendid accomplishment of a gentleman? The cause is as evident as the effect. There have been no opportunities of exhibiting the importance of scholastic learning, in this land of trade & and barter. That accursed passion ~~thirst for gold~~ after gold, which sucks like a vampire upon the blood of genius, ~~as~~ the extinguishes the blaze of literary genius, and

restrains all high incitements after preeminence in those honors, which add dignity to man as the creature of mind. All that pomp of circumstance which envelopes the scholastic institutions of the European world, is unknown in this heart-less clime; and learning, reduced to a system of narrow economy, and sordid calculation, has no room to strike her roots, and scatter her branches. The scholar is not only unaided and alone in his advances towards Knowledge, but fights his way through the insolence of opposition, and

the malignity of contemp
The rich are too indolen
and the poor too unaf-
sisted, to be learned:
so that, with the unwil-
lingness of the first, and
the inability of the Lat
the minority is a shame
to ourselves, and a
ridicule for others.

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